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meaning.

-- T.S. Eliot
"The Cocktail Party"

Our apologies to Miss Donna
Reid for omitting credit for her
review of the Star Dollar
Concert in the last issue.

AGAPE

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NATURAL GAS Firebird Records FB 18

George Olliver and Natural Gas, an entirely Canadian contingent, finally have their first album. Having turned down two other offers, they settled with Firebird Records in New York. The album was recorded in the RCA Victor studios in Montreal and edited and pressed in the Broadway Recording studios in NY.

The group has enjoyed great success on the road and have developed one of the top live acts in rock today. Led by 24 year old lead singer George Olliver from Toronto, the band includes Leon Feigenbaum on bass, Graham Lear on drums, Carl Watral on trumpet, Dave Berman on sax, Dave Tamblyn on guitar and Brian Wray on organ and piano.

Recording a band of this size poses problems in itself and the overall result of the recording proves this so. The album lacks that dynamic, vital and totally captivating aura of excitement that surrounds the stage act. However there are many other complimentary attributes of the group that go to make their first record a significant work.

The album includes eight selections, six of them written by the group. One of these "A Tribute To Rubber Boots", is an instrumental and best demonstrates the versatility of Natural Gas. The piece opens with the brass rising into a crescendo and suddenly coming alive in a burst of speed. The tempo remains a mystery throughout the number as the band glides effortlessly from classical to jazz to rock and back again. Perhaps the highlight of this particular song is the keyboard combination, featuring Olliver on organ and Wray on piano. It comes off as a brilliantly original piece of up-tempo "bassa-nova," punctuated by brass interaction and some interesting bass and drum runs.

"Live and Learn" is done in the true James Brown tradition complete with rhythmic breaks and well integrated brass. Included within this selection are brief solos by each of the brass members with the drums and bass keeping a solid funky beat. After a beautifully mellow trumpet passage, the drummer and the bassist exchange views in short, sharp fast hitting solos. None of the instrumentation is overdone and provides a fresh taste of professionalism and competent musicianship. Olliver's driving vocals compliment the orchestration. Comparisons are odious, but I can not help drawing parallels to great blues and R and B singers- David Clayton Thomas, Otis Redding, James Brown - notwithstanding that distinct uniqueness

of control and strength that belongs to Olliver alone.

"I 'am the All Powerful Man" is one of George Olliver's original compositions and is self-explanatory. The song is catchy and even commercial but is an instant success.

"What do you want from my life" is heavy, hard and convincing. The bass line in this number is the best on the whole album and the vocals and orchestration are again, superb.

Eleonor Rigby. (the Lennon- Mc Cartney composition), achieves only a partial degree of success. The group's arrangement is low-key and considerably faster than the original. Unfortunately, the result is dry and offers only a mildly inte-

resting exercise in rhythm control.

"Rameses 1" is another instrumental, and, although not as exciting as "Rubber Boots", still reflects the competence of delivery of Natural Gas. Jazz predominates and Wray again displays his mastery at the piano. The rhythm section bravely experiments with split tempo timing and the result is satisfying.

The most beautiful composition on the album is "Leaders of the World". This provides the ultimate enactment of the whole group's versatility. The song is a pure, smooth, uncomplicated ballad, typifying a generation's plea to the men who control its destiny;

Leaders of the world

Let there be peace

You got to let it all come together, love one another

Mankind deserves a million years more.

This album should be available in the Montreal area within a week or two-pick it up.

George Olliver and Natural Gas are an extraordinary group who deserve your attention. If there is any doubt in your mind, you can catch them live at Laugh-In Club on Victoria St down-town. They will be appearing there all weekend.

Angus Mackay

The Juilliard Quartet

The four of them walk on stage. Somehow they don't look like the best string quartet in the world. Somehow they just don't look like a string quartet. Robert Mann, on 1st violin, is fine - longish curly hair and a slightly out-of-his-mind glint in his eyes. But Claus Adam, on 'cello, looks more like a surgeon. Tall, lean, dignified, with silver-white hair. Looks decent, honest, sensitive, fatherly, would make the ideal Academic Vice-President. Ho, hum. And Earl Carlyss, on 2nd violin, looks like a graduate of Business Administration. And Samuel Rhodes, on viola, looks like a little kid who's always pulling pranks. Eager-beaver, a bit shy, and always thinking up his next practical joke.

And then they sit down, take up their instruments, and begin to play.

Robert Mann, of course, is a natural. He does what's expected of him, tossing with the music, brandishing his violin and bow like weapons, and having his forelock gradually come down in magnificent disarray. The others are more subdued, but are no disappointment.

Alas, reviewing the performance, qua music, of the world's best quartet is more difficult. What does one say? I, a humble amateur pianist, passing judgment on **them!** Their incredible technique, imaginative musicianship and brilliant co-ordination, realising an intriguing program, was simply overwhelming. One left the hall with the feeling that a truly great event had just happened.

The first, W.A. Mozart's "Dissonant" Quartet (1785, C major, K.465) begins pessimistically in chromatic progressions and "false" harmonic relations which veil the presence of a definite key (the style is far ahead

of its time in this respect), then suddenly resolves itself in a strong C-major Allegro (fast).

The second, Alban Berg's Lyric Suite (1926) is the first work by Berg that is built on a twelve-tone row. Abandoning the seven notes of the traditional scale (do-re-mi-fa-so-la-ti) which is always in a definite key, corresponding to the fixed 'do', the twelve-tone row is a series of twelve notes, using each of the twelve chromatic notes within a single octave just once. Thus the regulating factor is not a certain key and certain harmonic progressions, in a "vertical" order, but rather the strict adherence to an interval series in the melodic lines, in a "horizontal" order. The row may then be inverted (turned upside-down), or played retrograde (backwards), or both and begin on any note (in any "key") so long as the series of intervals connecting the notes of the row is maintained.

Though this may sound rather mathematical and cold, the scheme is far less restricting than the key and harmony restrictions of more traditional music, as it allows **all** harmonies and moods, while providing greater room for contrapuntal development.

The Lyric Suite is an excellent example of this. Berg remains faithful to his Romantic background within the twelve-tone idiom, as is obvious from the movements themselves which are *gioviale*, *amoroso*, *misterioso*, *estatico*, *appassionato*, *delirando*, and *desolato*, the last even quoting Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* briefly in the 'cello! The combination proved the highlight of the performance, and though it is musically and technically far more demanding

than either the Mozart or the Beethoven, the Juilliard Quartet took it all in stride.

The score calls for muted strings, plucking, bow bouncing, bowing with the wood and on the bridge, and everything else that one might think of. These difficult techniques were brilliantly executed, especially in the *misterioso-estatico* movement.

The third and last piece, Beethoven's Quartet Opus 135 (1826) is, coincidentally, Beethoven's last Quartet. A charming Allegretto (fairly fast), a Vivace (lively) Scherzo, with a fascinating syncopated 'cello arrangement, and a tear-jerking Lento (slowish) is followed by the last movement, which poses a curious metaphysical problem - "Der schwer gefasste Entschluss" - "The Difficult Resolution".

Over the initial Grave (slow and somber) theme, the composer wrote "Muss es sein?" - "Must it be?" Where upon, he answers in a cheerful and jaunty Allegro (fast) version of the original theme inverted, "Es muss sein!" - "It must be!" The gay, happy passage is replaced by a militant, portentous march, which then seems pretentious as it peters out into a few soft plucked chords, followed again (nevertheless?) by the "It must be!" motif.

In general, I appreciated the ease with which the members adapted to the various styles of music, and the quality of the tone. I was led to expect by past experience that in a concert involving few instruments, one was sure to hear the occasional violin whine and 'cello groan, but this performance on the whole was impeccable in every respect.

John O'Neil

Jumper's Dictionary

F.F. Free Fall - The flight of the jumper before he pulls the ripcord to open the parachute.

S.L. Static Line - also called the dope rope - as in military jumping opens a beginners parachute as he exits the plane.

P.C. Para Comander - advanced chute with many slits that give directional control and maneuverability.

T.T.B. Took Taxi Back - an unfortunate circumstance where the jumper lands too far away from the target to walk back.

A.O.D. Automatic opening device - works on air pressure and opens chute automatically at 1800 ft

P.L.F. Parachute landing fall - a method of landing that distributes the shock.

Tracking - body position in free fall that allows jumper to move forward at speeds of up to 70 mph

Dispatcher - that loveable but often maligned jumper who tells the novice when to exit the plane.

Sky Diving at Loyola

The Loyola Sky-Diving Club took it's first halting steps four years ago. At that time all the training was done by an instructor from the Parachute Club of Montreal.

Last year the Loyola Sky Divers were recognised by the Canadian Sport Parachuting Association. We started doing our own training of recruits. Twenty-four were trained and by June 1969 we had logged 250 jumps.

This year 30 students have already completed their training and have made their first jumps. Another training session is being planned for the second term.

This year also marks the first time Loyola has entered a team in competition. Five Loyolans entered the Provincial Championships held at St. Janvier on Thanksgiving weekend.

The Loyola team took third place in the under 100 jumps category and Andy Chmura of Loyola was third in the individual accuracy in the junior category.

This has been the second year of real expansion for the club. We have many more members and enough experienced to field a team for competition. And with the expansion of sky-

diving across the country we should soon see regular intercollegiate meets in which Loyola will certainly be ready to participate.

Flight then and now

Since the beginning of time man has dreamed of escaping the bonds of earth. From Icarus to Superman, heroes and gods have given free play to our dreams of unfettered flight.

Man finally did conquer the sky; but not until the advent of sky-diving did he even approximate his wish of speed, complete control, and true communion with the whistling wind.

Balloons were first, and in a quiet ascent tinged with irreality they floated through the sky like ships of the air. They lacked the rush, the speed, the power man desired and demanded of flight.

Then with the throbbing of motors and the reek of oil, the first planes took to the air. They lurched, they rattled and with the constant promise of destruction they took off at the incredible speed of 40 - 60 miles an hour. But man was just a passenger, master and prisoner of that capricious mechanical beast.

Only in skydiving do man's arms become wings. The wind rushes past him, adrenalin pumps through his veins and with the surge of his power comes the knowledge that he is free.

His body hurtles down at a speed of 120 - 230 m.p.h. but he knows that he has conquered this new element. He can turn, twist, dive, do barrel rolls. He can make contact with other jumpers in flight, make kiss passes and baton changes. All that a plane can do, he can do --- except go back up on his own power.

L OYOLA S

By Claude Barrot

Second Term instruction
beginning end of January
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--- 481-4810.



FREE FALL - Snoopy

Turn on wit

Some people fear this feeling of power and the independence of jumping. They're afraid of being completely on their own, falling through space. They'll say that it is unnatural for man to take chances.

But man has always been looking for challenge. Step by step he has conquered new worlds, new ways and means of controlling his own destiny and so he has left the other primates far behind.

The people who cry out the most about the danger of jumping, are the ones who don't see the danger in their own lives. They have learned to forget fear while crossing the street or driving in their car. Even flying across the Atlantic has become common.

But they still look for the thrill of danger, although they won't admit it. They drive their cars like maniacs, go to fairs where they whirlabout in fear machines and put their lives into somebody else's hands. And yet they call sky-diving a sport for idiots.

Two years ago my club was giving an exhibition jump for the opening of a car racing track. Below us 15 to 20 cars were rushing about madly at 100 mph. Anything could go wrong; blow-outs, loss of control, a hundred things that would create a deadly pile-up. But this they accepted.

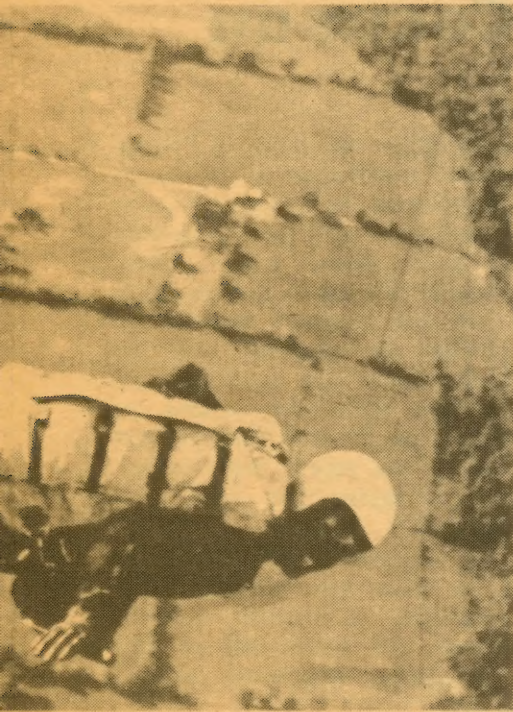
The cars stopped to allow us to jump into the center of the track. From the air we could hear the announcer calling out "and here they come folks - the fearless sky-divers - 200 lbs of guts and two ounces of silk. They just couldn't understand that we were actual safer than the spectators. Up there we're in control, no one to smash into us. The equipment is so simple that almost nothing can go wrong.

People who condemn sky-diving as a sport for jangle brained idiots and maniacs, still view the sport as it was in the twenties. At that time travelling air shows toured the conti-



Loyola Competition Team left to right R. Sutherland, N. St. Pierre, C. Barrot (kneeling) A. Dressler, A. Chmura.

SKY DIVERS



py in a half delta

th adrenalin

nent with demonstrations of aerial acrobatics, wing walking and sky-diving. Men like Charles A. Lindberg who started out as a parachutist, would jump from several thousand feet, do 15 seconds of free-fall and open at maybe a thousand feet, all this on their first jumps.

Then on their fourth or fifth jump would exit with 3 or 4 chutes, open one; release it; pull open the next and so on. These were daredevils making their living through the fear of spectators like today's Hell-drivers. For them it was not a sport but a business and the closer they came to death, the better were the box-office receipts.

Now the sport has come of age, there are national bodies such as the Canadian Sport Parachuting Association that prepare training procedures, sets up safety regulations, and represents the sport on a national and international basis. Last year Canada placed fourth in the World Championships held in Austria.

Equipment has also surged ahead, we have come a long way from Da Vinci's concept of an inverted wooden, pyramid. And those unmodified flat circular parachutes that Hollywood World War II heroes still jump on T.V. are now completely obsolete.

It was in 1957 that the first modification was made in a chute this was simply a slit in the rear of the canopy to allow the outrushing air to drive the chute forward.

Since then hundreds of different modifications were tried until the development of the 7TU, on the original canopy. But development has not stopped; new fibres concepts, and methods have developed super-canopies that are more like gliders than parachutes. Dozens of new types are develop every year, and the goad of international competitions keep the desire for progress strong.

Jumping no no's

The three Commandments of sky-diving.

- 1) Thou shalt not take thine altitude for granted for the earth shall rise up and strike thee.
- 2) Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy pilot for the winds of the winds of thine own misjudgement shall drift thee from the target.
- 3) Blessed are they who hesitate too long, for theirs will be a lasting impression.

waffohs

*IN AIRPORT FIELDS
THE WAFFOHS STAND
WITH GREENISH GAZE
AND TREMBLING HAND
THAT SHADE THEIR FACE*

*AND IN THE SKY
THE JUMPERS
WILD AND FREE FLY
HIGH ABOVE
THE FEARS BELOW*

*THEY ARE THE FEW
WHO REACH UP AND OUT
CONQUER THE AIR
AND WITH JOYOUS SHOUTS
FLOAT TO EARTH
WITH BURSTING HEARTS
SPILLING THE JOY
OF FREEDOMS FLIGHT*

*WAITING THERE DOUR
AND GRIM
WITH SHAKING HEAD
AND EYES VERY DIM*

*THE WAFFOH BIRD
SETS UP HIS CRY
WAFFOH WAFFOH WAFFOH
WAFFOH YOU FALL
OUT OF AIRPLANES?*



Andy Chmura flying in his P.C.

Why jump

Waffoh you fall out of airplanes? The answer is that we do not fall; we jump! We jump to feel free, strong and independant.

When I jump I feel alive. My mind works faster, my reflexes are more acute and the adrenalin that surges through my body is like a pleasurable electric jolt.

There is a twinge of fear - like stage fright it tickles the insides. But if it were not there I'd stop jumping for that twinge makes me alert.

There is no doubt or uncertainty - I've thought about this moment, prepared for it, gone through everything in my mind and I'm ready.

I walk to the plane and get in. The motor revs up and we roll down the runway, the plane lifts off, we climb higher and higher in wide easy circles until we reach jump altitude.

The door opens and the world below is small and far away. The wind that rushes in fills my lungs - I watch as we cover ground at 80 m.p.h. then when I'm just over the exit point, the pilot cuts the engine and I climb out.

I push off, spread my body an arc

- I stable out facing the earth - I don't feel my body acelerating but on reaching terminal velocity (120m.p.l) I can feel the wind pressing against me like a giant hand supporting me.

The ground is for below - I make a right turn then a left - check my instuments; have time for a barrel roll - stable out again - check instuments. It's time. I pull I can feel the flaps opening. The pilot-chute pops out - catches the wind - pulls off my sleeve and the chute is open in 3 seconds.

Then I start floating down. I can see the target and know I can reach it. I turn facing the wnd to check my speed then turn again and run with it towards the 2 inch disc.

I'll overshoot so I put on the brakes, my forward speed lessens slightly, just enough and I land 5ft. from dead centre.

The tension has gone the full cycle. Building up gradually during preparation - speeding up during the ascent and reaching full awareness before the explosion that is the jump and free-fall. Then gradually ebbing during the descent to leave me relaxed and almost tired on landing.



Odd Couple

"The Odd Couple" opened Wednesday night at the Centaur Theatre under the direction of Ken James and starring Maurice Podbrey and David Schurmann. The original version, made famous by Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau, was written by Neil Simon and apparently carried out extremely well. It is obvious if you see the play that the script can be very amusing (although not hilarious) when performed by professionals such as Lemmon and Matthau. However, performed by Podbrey and Schurmann, it was amateurish, and their slight lack of professional finish was magnified by the almost total lack of professional finish of a couple of members of the supporting cast. I was also disappointed by the fact that "Odd Couple's" reputation had always led me to believe that it was a rare masterpiece of humor, and though there were several comical one-liners, there were also such scenes as three divorced people sitting in a living room and crying over their respective break-ups, and somehow it seemed more pathetic than funny to me.

The plot unfolds as follows: Each week the same group of friends gathers at Oscar's house for their little poker game, where he lives alone since he divorced his wife. One evening Felix comes in with the news that his marriage has broken up and he is contemplating suicide. Oscar decides to let Felix move in with him so that he can

keep an eye on him. But in two weeks Felix has attained the idiosyncracies of a nagging wife, and poor Oscar and his buddies are unable to enjoy a peaceful game of poker.

One perplexing thing about the play was how the opening-night audience giggled incessantly. Their uninebriated guffaws had me wondering if they were hired by Mr. James in a moment of premature realization that "The Odd Couple" would be otherwise doomed to the ranks of third grade Christmas Pageants.

I don't know whether or not Victoria Mitchell who played Cecily Pigeon is British or not, but her stage accent sounded very poor. Oscar came off as a slobby Richard Burton with halitosis and sandwiches in his refrigerator left over from when he went to high school. Felix looked like a skinny undertaker with a couple of sexual hang-ups.

A word on the Centaur theater itself which has just opened and is located at the site of the former Montreal Stock Exchange building in Old Montreal. The stage was constructed so that the audience was only a yard away from the players and the stage was not elevated so that it was more realistic and perhaps easier to detect a poor delivery.

The play was not funny. Too bad, because with Neil Simon, things usually start happening. Next at the Centaur Theatre-Harold Pinter's "The Birthday Party".

Eileen Shea

DUBUFFET

L'Homme du Commun

The Common Man or Jean Dubuffet is the title of the current retrospective exhibition at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts. With reservations, it is a good one. Dubuffet is not a common man, but common men can get off on him.

He would say "Disons le mot: plus d'art - oui, plus d'art et de poésie, dans les propos de garçon coiffeur - dans sa vie - dans sa tête - que chez les spécialistes de la chose. Qu'ils me battaient même aussi ces gars-là, sur mon propre terrain. Une idée comme ça". It is hardly a profound or mystical admission. Only blunt, honest, unpretentious, and characteristic of his work.

Why? Dubuffet in his life has oscillated from working a wholesale wine business and painting. Empty, unaccountable periods of years exist in which no works were produced. Total commitment was lacking. Perhaps it wasn't necessary.

Dubuffet sought to eliminate culture from his work. Consequently we have art that manifests reality in its non-cultural status, its source. In his early work his figures are conceptual. They owe nothing to culture. This conceptual framework lacks anything spiritual and loses its force in a confusion of archetypes and generalizations.

Maybe.

The childlike simplicity of "Buste de Femme" (appearing on this page) is representative of a turning point in his career as well as the calibre of his more recent work. (1962). What was of interest to him in children's art and graffiti became an *Idée Fixée*. He plunged into the world of colour. The colourful systematic red and blue stripes on white in a puzzle like fashion that abounds in his recent work is unrealistic, betraying the quality of his early work.

As he matured intellectually he seems to have lost himself. With the exception of slightly differing caricatures and titles, all of this work is almost religiously identical, but fun.

I can only appreciate in these paintings, the *Peintures Monumentées* et sculptures, what is an element of the fantastic. Other than this they do nothing but marvel, anticipating that you will marvel back.

A word about the atmosphere of the Museum. The walls are papered in classified ads. A nice touch, but, I think, a compromise on the part of the directors. Dubuffet, the Common Man, belongs in the Metro, in a train station, not in the newspapered walls of the marble vaulted halls of a museum of Fine Arts. It

Originally a projected cover for the instalment *Mirobolus, Macadam et Cie* for the Loreau catalogue. Since then, the lettering has been eliminated.



BUSTE DE FEMME
13 Mars 1962
Jean Dubuffet
Cat. XIX, no. 308

In his attempt to resolve the non-cultural, his "personages" become generalized. This is evident in the "Têtes", the portraits and in particular the lauded "Corps de dames" series. They are black, earthy, melancholic and at most uninspiring. His justification is that these works represent a "generic schematic prototype where all individual particularity is omitted. It is the omission of the individual particularity that becomes in his art an element of uniformity whereby the figures do nothing. They are there. They marvel.

By his own acknowledgement: "On comprendra, je l'espère, combien l'humeur dans laquelle j'ai peint ces personnages est éloignée de celle de buffonnerie que l'on m'a si généreusement prêtée". Buffoonery,

seems to be a contradiction. The common man has no place in the pretentious, formal, sober atmosphere of our museum, because it cannot make you feel anything other than uncommon.

For this experience alone it is worth your while to visit the exhibition.

You may laugh with Dubuffet, you may see no humour. You may enjoy it, you may not. I think I enjoyed it because it was common, easy to enjoy because it is uncomplicated and easy to understand. I left unchanged though. He does not begin to inspire or make any serious affirmations or convictions. No depth.

As I have said above, blunt, honest and unpretentious. Dubuffet the Common Man. That is all.

Sebastian

Classical: David Magil

Montreal music lovers were treated to a memorable performance on December 9 and 10 when virtuoso pianist Vladimir Ashkenazy performed with the Montreal Symphony Orchestra.

The evening began with a rendition of Dittersdorf Symphony Concertance in D major, featuring two members of the MSO; Leslie Malowany-viola, and Thomas Martindouble bass. This work is not one for a concert program but rather is a practice piece designed to improve techniques of the musicians. It is very tedious to listen to and thus did not rest well with the audience.

Mr. Ashkenazy then appeared and took over the stage. He is a slight and wispish individual, but his ability can only be described in superlatives. He performed Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 1, a relatively less popular and difficult composition compared to the others. His execution entranced the audience as he nimbly worked his way through the concerto. The orchestra complimented his playing excellently and the co-ordination between the two was superb. The audience was so affected by the performance that an interval of about half a minute transpired between the completion of the work and the overwhelming applause.

Dvorak's Symphony No. 8 in C major concluded the evening. This is undoubtedly one of Dvorak's more pleasing compositions, even though it is a bit long. Slavic melodies predominate throughout, and the effect it has on the listener is the enconjunction of visions of blue skies, green fields and colourfully dressed peasants frolicking about.

It was a suitable finale to a totally enjoyable evening.

Loyola Music Dept.

The Loyola Music Department inaugurated its concert series, sponsored by the Musician's Guild of Montreal, on December 5 with a String Orchestra Concert.

It was doomed from the beginning.

The locale was the F. C. Smith Auditorium. To say that the acoustics of the hall were just tolerable would be an understatement. It is proportionately too high, narrow and long for a string performance. The texture of the walls and ceiling (concrete??) is not suitable for the projection of any type of music.

The execution of the works was shoddy, at best. The reason for this is quite understandable. The musicians had only three hours of practice time together and could not hope to achieve any level of competence. They could only prepare so inadequately because of other commitments. Most of them are members of the MSO and the McGill Chamber Orchestra, both of which had performances during that week.

The responsibility for the ineffectiveness of the concert lies solely with the Musicians Guild of Montreal. They chose the date for the concert, knowing full well the prior commitments of the participants and the eventual result. The Musi-

cians Guild is very philanthropic in scheduling and providing the funds for concerts such as this. However, it is incomprehensible how they could arrange for a performance that would be so below the potential of the individuals involved. There are weeks when the musicians could have more time to practice, and thus present a more technically perfect performance. The purpose of such a concert, to provide good music at a nominal cost for as many people as possible is negated by an imperfect performance.

M.S.O. Grand Concert

Don't let anyone tell you that performers pay no attention to the critiques of professional reviewers!

A manifestation of this phenomenon was witnessed Wednesday when Italian pianist Dino Ciani performed with the Montreal Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Franz-Paul Decker.

In the Wednesday edition of the Montreal Star, critic Eric McLean ended his review of the previous night's concert by criticizing Mr. Ciani's playing one segment of the first movement of Beethoven's Concerto No. 1 with one hand instead of two, which he claimed was required. The soloist was obviously anxious at the beginning of the concerto, which opened the concert, and seemed so affected by the review that, after he had completed the controversial segment, he appeared to have a lapse in his concentration. He then became completely unglued and rushed through the rest of the first movement, trying unsuccessfully to compensate by pedalling like mad. He settled down for the rest of the concerto and the Fantasy in C minor, and proved himself to be a more than competent pianist. It is too bad he let himself be so adversely affected by petty criticism. Speaking of being finicky, Mr. Ciani wore black patent-leather pumps and nylon hose.

The concert was the first in a series, commemorating the 200th anniversary of Beethoven's birthday, featuring the master's major works. Besides the Concerto No. 1, this particular program consisted of his Symphony No. 1, and Fantasy for Piano, Choir and Orchestra.

The rendition of the Symphony No. 1 was a delight. This work is pre-Romantic in style as it expresses no emotions but is very pleasing. The MSO, and especially Maestro Decker, were in top form. Decker obviously loves Beethoven's music as could be seen from the fact that he was much more animated than his usually placid self. As a matter of fact, at the beginning of the second movement, he performed what appeared to be a perfect impression of a flamingo, an execution Nureyev would have trouble duplicating.

The Fantasy in C minor is a weird piece and appeared to be performed too rapidly and without sufficient clarity. Mr. Ciani's performance in this particular work was excellent, and the MSO Choir, even though it only made a brief appearance, was impressive.



Comédiens, chanteurs et danseurs, croquent à pleine dent la pomme de l'amour sur la scène du Port-Royal de la Place des Arts.

Mon Dieu! I can see their bums!

The Théâtre du Nouveau Monde has unveiled yet another of their talents to their Montreal audience in the "rock play" **"Gens de Noël: Tremblez."**

The scenario consisted of song and choreography performed with the supers accompaniment of Nick Ayoub, and what choreography! Alive and real and wild and sensual and vibrant, with the audience participating (overtones of "Hair") and the company frolicking in vivid costumes (or lack of costumes) across the stage. Maaaaarrrrrrvellous.

Old Saint Nick is whisked up and away as the history of the world is retraced from the very beginning of Man to the present and beyond. An electronic God plants obstacles for man for his Divine diversement but the populace overcomes them all with love - that's L'AMOUR. Aaaaah - I see a message here somewhere. It was excellent entertainment, considering that Robert Charlebois declined at the last minute and the company was forced to write the play as a sort of joint effort which came off extremely well.

Now perhaps a naked rear is a naked rear, in French or in English. But what a shame that Montrealers can't have the real thing, the event, the original "pièce de théâtre" - "Hair" itself. Why not, it all seems pretty ridiculous, presenting "Gens de Noël, Tremblez" in a theatre (supposedly a sponsor of the arts) which has previously refused to present "Hair"; "Hair" is not the nudie show that the Place des Arts officials seem to think it is. It is a celebration - of life and love and people. But non, non! Montrealers are not yet ready to see, Sacrébleu! - of all things, a nude body

Well done TNM.

Eileen Shea



Le bon papa Noël retrouve enfin un auditoire sympathique à qui distribuer ses annonces commerciales. **GENS DE NOËL, TREMBLEZ!** un spectacle enlevé, production du Théâtre du Nouveau Monde, actuellement à l'affiche au Théâtre Port-Royal de la Place des Arts et ce jusqu'au 11 janvier.

TWO BIT PREVIEWS...TWO BIT PREVIEWS...T



photo par André Le Coz

T.N.M. will soon begin production of *LE MARQUIS QUI PERDIT*, a historical Satire by Réjean Ducharme.

THEATRE

THE ODD COUPLE

Centaur Theatre Company
453 St. François Xavier (Old Montreal)
8:30 pm. (7:00 & 10:00 pm. Saturday) until Feb. 1

Tickets: \$2.00 for students weekdays, \$3.50 weekends.

Neil Simon's hit play (and movie) is being revived by the Centaur Theatre Company because it fits so well into the post-Christmas mood, and because it takes a lot of laughs to get through January.

Maurice Podbrej will play Oscar, the genial slobby divorcee who unwisely accepts as his lodger the compulsively neat and tidy Felix, played by David Schurmann. Ken James is the director.

DUTCHMAN and THE INDIAN WANTS THE BRONX

Saidye Bronfman Centre
5170 Cote St. Catherine Road
Until January 24th, 737-6551 ext 17

Dutchman, by black playwright Leroi Jones, relates an acrimonious encounter between a lascivious blonde and a black youth. It stars Francis Hyland and Vernon Washington.

The Indian Wants the Bronx, by Israel Horowitz, tells of how two teenage toughs inflict violence upon a frightened East Indian (who speaks no English) lost in the hostile jungle of New York's slums.

Both plays were recipients of the Village Voice Obie Award.

ATTENDS TA DELIVRANCE

Comedie Canadienne
84 St. Catherine St. W.
8:30 pm. to January 11

This delightful show stars comedian Yvon Deschamps and chansonnier Louise Forestier, along with Gilbert Chénier. Sophie Clément, Judi and the Jacques Ferron Band.

GENS DE NOEL, TREMBLEZ

Theatre Port-Royal, PdA
8:45 pm., 7:45 pm. Sunday until January 11

Tickets: \$1.25 for students with I.D.

The Théâtre du Nouveau Monde celebrates the holiday season with a tribal-rock presentation.

FLEUR DE CACTUS

Theatre Rideau Vert
4663 St. Denis
Until January 18; 8:30 pm., Sundays 7:30 pm.

This play, by Barillet and Greaety, stars Janine Sutto, Pierre Thériault, Marthe Choquette, Gréhan Labréche, and Germaine Giroux.

PRO MUSICA SERIES

Theatre Port-Royal, PdA
January 11, 4:30 pm.
The Festival Winds of New York will be featured in a concert of works by Haydn, Handel, Mozart, Gounod, Stravinsky and Carter.

CLASSICAL

M.S.O. GALA CONCERT
Salle Wilfrid Pelletier, PdA
January 13, 8:30 pm.

Carlo - Mario Giulini will conduct the Montreal Symphony Or-

chestra in a concert of the following works: Symphony No. 35 K. 385 "Haffner", Mozart; Introduction, Passacaglia and finale, Salviucci; Symphony No. 3 "Rhenish," Schumann.

McGILL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

Theatre Maisonneuve, PdA
January 12, 8:30 pm.

Flautist Jean-Pierre Rampal, "The Man With The Golden Flute," will be featured in a concert of works by Blavet, Bach, Veracini, and Roussel.

RADIO-CANADA RECITAL

Salle Claude Champagne
200 Bellingham
Tonight, 8:30 pm.
Admission Free

Aloys and Alfons Kontarsky, piano duetists, will be featured in a concert of works by Mozart, Reger, Messiaen, Zimmerman and Earl Brown.

McGILL FACULTY FRIDAY SERIES

Redpath Hall, McGill University
Tonight, 8:30 pm.
Admission Free

Members of the McGill Faculty of Music will perform a concert of Chamber Music by Beethoven. The works to be performed will be: Septet in E Flat, Op. 20; Trio in C Minor, Op. 9, No. 3; Quintet in E Flat, Op. 16 for Winds and piano.

J.M.C. DIALOGUE CONCERT

Redpath Hall, McGill University
Tomorrow, 8:30 pm.

Joseph Bloom, pianist, will play the second piano Sonata of Charles Ives.

MUSEUM

DUBUFFET

Guided tours of the great Jean Dubuffet exhibition at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts will begin January 7. They are scheduled for Wednesdays at 2pm. and 8pm. in both French and English.

Admission to the exhibition, which will continue until January 31, is 50 cents for adults and 25 cents for students.

FILMS on ART

Saturday, 2:30 pm. January 10
Sunday, 2:30 pm. January 11
Lecture Hall in Montreal Museum of Fine Arts

Admission Free.

ROCK MUSIC

THE DEVIANTS
ALBERT FAILEY
BAND
M.I.C. BLUES

LIBERATION TRAIN

All this and more at the McGill student union Ballroom on Friday and Saturday night. The M.C. will be Doug Pringle of CKGM - FM and the lights will be provided by Lord Maudsley Circus.

Show time for both nights is 8 pm.

Admission is \$1.00

LOYOLA CARNIVAL

THE RASCALS
TOM PAXTON
PLACE DES ARTS

Monday, February 2 at 7:00 p.m. and 9:30 p.m.

THE KINKS

F.C., Smith Auditorium
Thursday, February 5 at 7:30 p.m. and 9:15 p.m.

SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS CARNIVAL

3 DOG NIGHT
LIGHTHOUSE
Place des Arts

February 9, 7:00 p.m. and at 10:00 p.m.
Tickets: \$3.50, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50.



Spectrum Associates presents THE DEVIANTS, a British rock sensation, at McGill.